



Tw'as yes, kind Sir.

A New SONG.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
 As blithe I gang'd to milk my kine,
 When near the winding bourn of Tay,
 Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een;
 A highland lad sae kind me tent,
 Sayi'g, sonsy las, how's a wi' you,
 Shall I your pail take o'er the bent?
 Tw'as yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i' the e'en,
 As I was linkan o'er the lee,
 To join the dance upon the green,
 And said, blithe las, I'll gang with thee;
 Sae brae he look'd i' the highland gear,
 His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
 My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
 Say yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon
 Gave notice that 'twas time to part,
 I thought the reel was o'er too soon,
 For ah! the lad had stawn my heart;
 He saw me hame across the plain,
 Then kist sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
 That when he ask'd to kifs again,
 Tw'as yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bold, he prest to stay the night,
 Then gript me close unto his breast,
 Howt lad! my mother sair wou'd flyte,
 Gi' that I grant wi'out the priest;
 Gang fore him gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do,
 For aik to kifs men when you will,
 Twill be, yes love, and I thank you too.